

Dan Crawford Again In Depths Of Africa

Letter from Lecturer and Explorer to a Phoenix Friend

The following letter from Dan Crawford to Walter Hill will be read with interest by many residents of Phoenix who met this noted explorer and lecturer on his visit here two years ago. Postal address: Luanza Mission, via Elizabethville, Congo Belge, 17th June, 1915.

Dear Friend:—

Submissive to conventional decencies, I now send you this letter to tell of my glad arrival in the Far Interior of Africa. From the day I left the train at Elizabethville until the arrival at Luanza was a little less than a month. What a contrast to the old dragging twenty-two months of protracted endeavor.

This Elizabethville you see marked as one of my postal address is our last outpost of civilization on the northward route. From that point my letters go into a canvas bag and away they zig-zag on a Negro's head across rivers, marshes and mountains. Turning my back on this last lingering memory of civilization, off we go into the long grass, and it sounded strange when well out into the forest to hear the receding train give a farewell shriek of its whistle. The faithful friend of my pilgrimage for thousands of miles, how sensible of dear old "Puffing Billy" to give me that steam salutation by way of a long and loyal farewell. Yes, goodbye, indeed, the clanking of thy couplings, oh! clashing and dashing train. Fifteen miles an hour is poor, pitiable time for the run of a train, but we here on our jets are cheaply out of it at fifteen miles per day. Such is the

candid contrast between the rival speed of the Iron Horse and "Shank's Pony." Train traveling is not traveling at all. It is being treated like a trunk or a package. They pass you in, push you along, and out you get like the things in the luggage van. They did not move all the way—nor did you! The sun is shorter these days, so every little bit of tree-shade is at par. All my men—brave lads—have to the per load on their shoulders and their stagers along under vertical rays. After the seventh mile or so of this beast-of-burden business he spies some shady river—then down goes the load, and down goes likewise the man who carries it. Every bone in his body is aching with the strain. Yet, instead of being in a state of wild-eyed misery, what does he do? Masking all the muffled feelings with a face wreathed in smiles, he will quip out some merry meaningless word. Then after fifteen miles or it here comes the latter and down goes the sun like a ball of fire and now it is the last hour of the day—day seems to concentrate all the pleasures of the past. It is like the African evening sky, full of farewell rosy rays, that are all the rosier because they are the last. Then comes the best bit of all, I mean the evening star in the woods. This is a great meeting with which we wind up the hard day, and if the sun made his exit gloriously we, too, have a fine finish. Now it is the pilgrimage culminates in its happiest moments. All of us, men every inch of us, we look into each other's eyes and talk for Eternity. None of the nonchalance of the professional preacher about this bit of business.

The first time I prayed in the forest with my natives around the flickering camp fire was a memorable date. Every moment was a memento. Overhead the diamond stars are blazing through the night, and in the forest the hushed silence of my men, squatting in groups with their spears stuck point downward in the ground. Small wonder if one's voice quavered in a queer little choke! But it is the great African moon I think that makes memory so measureless and so mighty. Why not? Is not the moon a mere memory of the sun? Like memory, is not moonlight the reflection of rays emanating from an object no longer seen? No wonder, then, it is in the African moonlight the memory erects its screen and flashes the moving pictures thereon. They are both alike, moon and memory, yes, both merely the reflection of rays coming from something no longer visible. It was when David saw the moon (not the sun) that the memory of his mediocrity began to grip him. "When I consider * * * the moon; what a thing that Thou art mindful of him?" And if "night" in the dialect of Scripture means the trials and troubles of life, then is it not written that the moon was given to rule the night? Yes, the moon of memory, reflecting the rays of good days and good deeds no

longer visible to the eye. More than that: it rules the night, and the memories of the good that is piled up in the past conquers the sorrows of the present, and pledges a fine future.

I did this route by night on the "boring out" journey four years ago, but this time the moon has failed us, therefore, such a venture is barred. Further on near Muskove there are six notorious lions who really rule the road. And to be minus one moon, but plus six man-eaters is a losing transaction. For with a sinister impunity these cunning omnivores are ambushed in the yellow grass alongside the road, and the yellow of the grass so matches the yellow of the lions, that these six sinners boss the forest. One of our own Mission boys has been killed hereabouts and all the other men both forbear and forswear this double dose of yellow peril—yellow grass and yellow lions. So after anxious deliberation we have decided on that not very dignified proceeding by which people live to fight another day. Later: These lions were hardly scratched down in pencil when a native rushed in the breath catching convulsively in his throat. Yes! we were wise, for these lawless lions have killed a man just where we passed. Nor is this all. A friend of mine has gone the same way. Monsieur Michau by name. I left this charming fellow back, and a lion gave him a horrible death, mauling his arm clean off. (Correction: I said one of our boys was killed, but I was mistaken in my arithmetic—not one, but three, is the figure.)

But day has its dangers as well as moonless night. Hanging over us like a hideous doom all day and every day we have (and they have us) the ugly flies that give sleeping sickness. I mean the plagues and persistent tsetse. These are so blatant that we are forced to be off at about something to four in the morning. Only let the sun get up before you and that will mean by and by, these millions of merciless flies will almost persuade you life is not worth living. My African bodyguard is composed of tough old roadsters who happily have the rare and wholly enviable faculty of sleeping any time and any where. Therefore when the days weary tramp is over we just lie flat in the forest, pile up the blazing logs, and soon in a manner that admits of no misconception we are asleep in the arms of God.

If, peradventure, you followed us up in the forest I will tell you how and where we would be found. Not sight and sound would give us away. For long before you sighted the flare of our camp fires making a clean breast of whereabouts, you would receive a prior promulgation in our evening hymn. Echoing through the woods we make every crack and hollow give back the name of the whole jungle quivering with the sacred sound. Thus we wind up the day enthroning God Almighty in our tell-tale praise. For—"Be the day weary, or be the day long."

At last it ringeth to even-song. And then it is a powerful contrast grips your mind; I mean that old obvious difference between the old Testament and the New, between Law and Grace. What an inversion there is between our forest hymn and the exile by Babel's stream who whined against singing the Lord's song in a strange land. How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land? said they: how, indeed? Why, in the New Testament, a strange land is the very place to sing it. Yes, the stranger the land, the never the song; and the further you go the nearer it gets.

But before "dropping over" we have a quaint "morning star password" passed round the fires. This word is Lutanda, and it means that we who are about to sleep hereby give to each other solemn rendezvous to awake and be off with the Morning Star. Each recumbent group sends round the warning word. Lutanda the Morning Star, then over they go snoring steadily to the stars. Huddled up in somnolent attitudes, you can hear one man after another more asleep than awake, pass it on as his solemn sort of last will and testament for the day—Lutanda. What a picture of all who fall asleep in Jesus. They, too, rest from their labors with that word on their lips; they, too, will rise with the Morning Star.

But as this is not a diary, I need not weary you with a day-in-day-out narrative. Once again we faked a food from native products; and better still, we tapped the trees for wild honey. Then Guinea fowl put in an appearance and filled our pots, five of these birds falling to one bang of a No. 12 Greener. But our biggest kill was a great bull Sable Antelope, and with this my hungry men stuffed their stomachs. This beast was shot far off from camp at sunset, and we cut him up in the wild moonlight to the advancing roar of a malcontent lion. A lot of the land we covered was depopulated and abandoned to sun and silence. Thus the days rush past and, last, here we are at Mulangadi's where the homeward run to Luanza begins. The rivers now begin to flow towards Mweru (flow, that is to say, in the direction we are going, and one glad day a flash of blue on the right reveals the south end of the lake. North, still north, we go, and then a curious thing appears at Kilwa, a rude reminder that you have only got to go far enough east to reach west. For here we enter the war zone; yes here are four stakes stuck in the ground warning all travelers that one inch beyond that barrier means martial law. What a reminder that this uncanny war is an all-the-world affair or nothing. Even now, away out here, the fighting is going on, blood for blood and stab for stab. Such is the shrinkage of the planet for the very war I was leaving far to the south. I now find in the interior.

Well, then, here it is I get my first dose of fever, my jealous first love, Africa, refusing to smile on me after such a desertion of her beauty. My

HE WAS GONE, BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

Willful Attempt to Mislay J. C. Adams Is Baffled by the Admiral's Well Known Taciturnity

Only superb control of his conversational powers enabled Admiral J. C. Adams Sunday afternoon to baffle one of the most deliberate attempts ever made to mislay him. To comments on the magnificent scenery, remarks on the condition of the road, digression on the European war, and the good and bad points of various automobiles he made no reply, and not without reason. For once he found himself unable to discuss with his friends the most ordinary topics in fact, no matter what they brought up, he simply wasn't there.

It all happened on the Roosevelt road, as J. C. Fen Hildreth and Manager John J. Kolberg of the Arizona Laundry were returning from the dam, after escorting Charles S. Fee and party to the big water bank. Rounding a curve in the road the Phenicians observed a horse and buggy approaching, and the animal appeared skittish. They stopped, of course, and with his unflinching courtesy, the admiral, who was in the back seat, hopped out and led the frightened animal past the machine. He got in—at least Hildreth and Kolberg thought he did, and they continued on down the mountain. After the machine started, Admiral Adams seemed unusually silent. His companions went on talking, firing remarks over their shoulders at the amiable boniface, but failing to elicit any reply. Finally, after they had proceeded about five miles, and J. C. had shown no disposition to stampede into the conversation, Kolberg looked around.

"Good Lord, Hildreth," he yelled, "we've left him behind." They had. Five miles up the mountain side they described a figure walking complacently Phoenix-ward. "It's J. C.," they shrieked in chorus, and then started on a rescue expedition which landed the admiral at his hotel late last evening, as taciturn as ever. Otherwise, it was a lovely trip, the road was fine, and the admiral had little to say save that he had rarely enjoyed a smoke as he had the one coming down the mountain.

MAY YET AGREE ON ASYLUM SEWER PLAN

The obstacles which have so far kept the city and state from an agreement on the asylum sewer proposition diminished considerably yesterday when at a three hour conference between a committee from the commission and the board of control, disputed points were discussed, and in several cases settled. The objection of the city attorney that the board of control had no power to make a contract for a term of years was taken up, and it was decided that a tentative contract might be entered into, to run until the next session of the legislature, when a contract could be ratified. The depreciation and maintenance charges included by the city in the contract, were somewhat modified or dropped entirely. At the end of the meeting it was announced that considerable progress had been made toward an adjustment satisfactory to both sides.

Members of the committee from the commission were City Manager Crain, City Engineer and City Attorney George Christy and Avery Thompson, superintendent of streets. It is expected that another conference will be held in the near future.

temperature shoots up, nasty taste in my mouth, with a tongue as coarse as a putney grater. Then my legs begin to wobble, so this decides me to get in to a native canoe and make a dash for home two days ahead of my men. So out the dug-out darts into the great lake and away along by the west shore we see the bluffs of the Bukonolo range outflanking the coast. What a day! Will it never end? Yonder away in the distance is a gaunt spike of headland—Luanza, my African home. For hours and hours we paddle on; never was such an endless day, never such a longed-for goal. What if we never get there; what if a hippo charges our log of wood and shivers it to atoms? Oh, yes, Africa has got its submarines as well as the ocean. Now it is one realizes what the poet meant when he said:

"He doubtless dies who dies
Within sight of shore."

But, please, forgive and forget all these fever phantoms of my brain. For here we come at last nearing the cliff and night is falling; the evening smoke of supper fires begins to curl and the lights are blinking and winking high up on the ranges. What a surprise they are going to get, for my couriers are late and they think we are far behind and will only arrive in two days from now. "Then I let my rifle go bang!" to the cliff; and yet again goes another bang to signal our approach. The echo goes up into the gorge with a great awakening clang, and then after a tense two or three moments of silence there comes a wild yell from the hills. And now we come to the point when the curtain must be drawn; it is all too sacred to tell. Besides, who will ordure the dictionary for adjectives to tell it? Sufficient if I say that all that follows in quick delicious succession is marked on my mind with vivid distinctness, a memory for life. Down they rush a black mob of natives, and out I jump on to the sandy shore, all the innocent joy-bells of my heart ringing. Then what a meeting with the glorious missionaries who have held the fort when I was away: Mr. and Mrs. Higgins and Miss de Paoli, here they are, hand grasping hand, all of us in a dream, eyes dancing with delight and thanking God we ever lived for such a moment.

Loyally ever,

MRS. HILL IS HAPPY BOND FOUND GUILTY

Aftermath of Grand Avenue Affair Occupies Attention of Magistrate McBride.

Mrs. Ruben Hill carried her troubles into police court yesterday afternoon when she appeared as the complaining witness against Charles Bond, charged with having turned the hose on Mrs. Hill when she attempted to enter the house where Bond is a roomer at a time when Mrs. Hill's husband decided that the events of last Friday at his own home at 919 Grand avenue entitled him to a night of quiet, even at the cost of being obliged to sleep at a neighbor's house. Mrs. Hill found solace in telling her troubles to City Magistrate McBride and entire satisfaction in hearing the judge adjudge Bond guilty of assault and impose a suspended sentence of thirty days in the city jail.

Bond had, on Friday evening following his encounter with Mrs. Hill, offered to give himself up to the officers, but he was called to the Hill residence by Mrs. Hill. But having seen no untoward action on the part of Bond the officers found it only within their power to suggest that Mrs. Hill secure a warrant.

The city court room presented a lively scene yesterday afternoon during the trial of the case. Mrs. Hill was loud in her denunciation of the officers who visited her home and refused to arrest Bond and accused them of being liars when they told of her actions while they were attempting to conciliate her. She laughed with glee when the judge, admitting that there had been no demonstration for the action of Bond, informed him that he erred in taking the law into his own hands, and pronounced sentence.

Bond filed notice that he would appeal from the decision of the court.

FINANCES and MARKETS

(Associated Press Dispatch)
NEW YORK, Sept. 27.—On a scale of activity unequalled since the inception of the movement war shares were lifted to higher prices, established new records. Demand for these stocks appeared to be largely of speculative origin but if rumor is to be credited there was considerable



thumb prints vary—so do bodies—
wear "tailored-to-measure" clothes

IN millions of thumb prints no two alike, in all the world no faces alike—and bodies are as varied as thumb prints.

Expecting a ready for service suit to really fit you is much like expecting your grandfather's spectacles to improve your sight.

Worth while clothes that truly fit must be tailored to measure—to your measure—carefully, accurately, individually. That's true!

Drop in and look over the fabrics we offer in
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337 E. Washington St.

Phoenix, Arizona

Great Western Tailoring Co.

buying of more substantial interests in the belief that several important industrial combinations are in process of consummation. Railroad stocks and other standard shares took part in the opening rise but fell back later when specialties became more buoyant. Advances in some war issues were so violent as at times to suggest a "corner" or at least open buying for control. Conservative Wall street viewed the movement with undisciplined misgivings, and deplored the sudden and unexpected subsidence of interest in investment shares. A factor contributing in no small degree to the uprush of war stocks was the reported successful attack of the allies in the western arena of the war. Indications that Anglo-French credit or loan is moving toward a satisfactory conclusion on terms attractive to American investors also served to whet the appetite of the professional element. United States Steel was slow to move but finally responded to the general inquiry in advancing

1 1/2 to 7/8. Metal shares improved under the impulse of the advance in refined copper are rumors of an early increase of the Anaconda dividend. Realizing made no marked impression in the latter dealings. Total sales of 1,550,000 shares were the largest since the resumption of trading last December. Bonds were strong but lacked any special feature. Total sales aggregated \$5,870,000.

Metals
Copper, firm; Electrolytic, 18 and 18 1/4; Silver 42 1/2.
Stocks
Smelting 87 1/4; Santa Fe, 104 1/4; St. Paul 88 1/4; New York Central, 97 1/4; Pennsylvania, 113 1/4; Reading 152 1/4; Southern Pacific 94; Union Pacific, 124 1/4; Steel, 197 1/4; Preferred 114 1/4.

BOSTON COPPER MARKET
Adventure 1 1/2; 2
Ariz Comm 8 1/4; 9
Alouze 55; 56
Calumet and Ariz 63 1/2; 63 3/4
Calumet and Hecla 55 1/2; 55 1/2

Copper Range	55 1/2	56
Daly West	28 1/2	29 1/2
Ray Consolidated	22 1/2	23 1/2
Greene Cananea	38 1/2	39 1/2
Hancock	17 1/2	18
Isle Royale	27 1/2	28
Lake Copper	12 1/2	14
Miami	27 1/2	28 1/2
Mohawk	72 1/2	74
Miss Copper	10 1/2	11
North Butte	30	30 1/2
Nevada Cons	14 1/2	15 1/2
Osceola	87	87 1/2
Old Dominion	52 1/2	53 1/2
Quincy	81 1/2	82 1/2
Shannon	6 1/2	6 1/2
Superior Copper	27	27 1/2
Tamarc	55	55 1/2
Utah Cons	12 1/2	13 1/2
Victoria	2 1/2	2 1/2
Winona	53	53 1/2
Wolverine	53	53 1/2
North Lake	1 1/2	2
Chino	47 1/2	48
Utah Copper	67 1/2	68
Inspiration	34 1/2	35 1/2
Shattuck	27	27 1/2
United Verde Ext	5 1/2	6

Phoenix Always My Home Says Romaine Fielding Arizona's Movie Pioneer

All reports to the contrary notwithstanding, Arizona is to have a permanent moving picture company and that it is the case and come what may by then ever before in Phoenix, the Salt River Valley and the state of Arizona to be placed upon the map of the film making world. And Romaine Fielding, producer, director and star, to continue the residence he established here less than a year ago. The lure of the bright lights of the big cities, and the fascination of seeing "first runs" of oneself, means less to Fielding than the desert wastes, the towering hills and the free air of the southwest.

"When I am in the West," said Mr. Fielding, yesterday, "I feel like throwing out my chest—not in egotism, but to breathe deeply of the clean, fresh air, which always seems so inspiring out in this part of the country."

"As you see," he continued, "I am a very busy man and find my happiness in my work. For I don't do much playing. I believe that it is well to think and think carefully, but many people make the mistake of thinking too much at one time. A thinker is like a stomach; it can't digest too much at one time."

Then this thoroughly vital man with the muscular figure and inscrutable grey eyes, said:

"We are sometimes prone to think that the public can't see through us. That is one of our greatest mistakes. There is no keener critic than this same public. After all, in the scheme of nature, we are the smallest of ants, each toiling on his own little hill."

No longer connected with the Lubin company, from which he voluntarily severed his relations rather than leave his home in Phoenix to the studios of the East, Romaine Fielding is spending the interim between closing up his affairs with the concern with which he was so long identified and gathering about him a new company and preparing for broader work in the chosen field, in further beautifying his handsome home and grounds at Eleventh and Culver streets. If there was evidence needed to convince one of his intention to remain in Phoenix permanently it seems obviously unfair to state the nature of time, money and labor upon his residence and its environs.

"Do you know," he asked, "that I have had companies in Nogales, Tucson, Prescott, Douglas, Las Vegas, Silver City, Galveston and Colorado Springs and that I never made up my

mind that I had found the one spot of all others where I would wish to locate until I came to Phoenix? Well, that is the case and come what may I am a Phoenixian from now on."

"See," he said, "I have every advantage here that the moving picture man's heart could desire. Clear air, necessary in good photography; natural scenery that cannot be imitated elsewhere; freedom to employ all the opportunities that the southwest provides. I am the pioneer in the moving picture business in the southwest and the time is coming when others will profit by what I have discovered and am utilizing. Arizona will one day in the not distant future be the home of more than one moving picture company. It's bound to come. Producers and directors cannot long overlook this section."

Last Wednesday a Fielding picture, "A Desert Honeycomb," was released. The New York Dramatic Mirror of that date went into raptures over this picture, a true Arizona production, filmed in Phoenix and the Salt River Valley.

"It again becomes necessary to drag forth the superlatives of praise and to bestow them unsparingly on this offering," said the Mirror. "Nor will there be much dispute when we say that this is undoubtedly the finest picture Lubin has released within a year, not to go further afield in bestowing the due meed of praise. The elements contributing to success are difficult to analyze."

"Firstly, Mr. Fielding has conceived a story that bears every mark of strength and secondly, he has taken advantage of every opportunity. In this rather general formula for picture success there is no unfairness, however, that not everyone knows how to take advantage of the opportunity, and what is still more important, not everyone can be a Romaine Fielding. With each Fielding production it seems necessary to emphasize also that photography and settings remain that same exalted, picturesque and clear plane of excellence with which he has distinguished former film efforts. For those who know Mr. Fielding's work this will unnecessary but it seems obviously unfair to state the picture possibly, to be passed over."

"Of 'A Species of Mexican Man,' one of the first pictures produced after Mr. Fielding came to Phoenix, and which is to be shown here in a day or two, the 'Mirror' had, among other things, this to say:

"Romaine Fielding's pictures are different because he makes of his lead—usually played by himself—a unique figure. It is a figure that looks different and thinks in superlative terms. And when he fights we all have in us still enough of the Don Juan to admire his prowess. Odds of fifteen to one are nothing at all to him. He dresses extravagantly and in extreme, he makes pictures that are a figure as one might not infrequently encounter in dreamland. His specialty is outwitting even a picture here."

"Add to such an interesting figure, for those who do not know it, a country as bizarre as the man himself, a land of stone and earth that has grown in strength and weird shapes in a land that photographs beautifully because of the clear atmosphere, and we have an almost ideal character and topographic combination. It is difficult to tell whether the land and the man are better together than apart. At all events some striking screen views await the approval of the picture connoisseur."

These reviews in the leading dramatic paper of the country indicate a full appreciation of the opportunities that here await the moving picture producer and they indicate further an appreciation of the fact that Romaine Fielding is taking full advantage of these opportunities.

And as to Romaine Fielding's popularity as a moving picture star, The Chicago Sunday Tribune conducts a weekly contest among its readers as to the most popular moving picture actor and presents in "The Picture Frame" each Sunday morning a four column picture of the successful candidate. One week ago last Sunday, Romaine Fielding was the second choice in the entire field, and six months ago outdistanced all, his picture appearing on the first page of the dramatic section. A few weeks later his picture appeared on the first page of the Baltimore Sunday Sun, voted there by his admirers in the east. Which is further exemplification of the truth of the saying, "A prophet is not without honor save in his own country."

The point of this story should not be lost sight of. It is that Romaine Fielding had adopted Phoenix as his permanent home and will establish a permanent moving picture company here that will carry the name of Phoenix and the Salt River Valley into every section of the country where moving pictures are shown.

GRANDMA USED SAGE TEA TO DARKEN HAIR

She made up a mixture of Sage Tea and Sulphur to bring back color, gloss, thickness

Common garden sage brewed into a heavy tea with sulphur and alcohol added, will turn gray, streaked and faded hair beautifully dark and lustrous, remove every bit of dandruff, stop scalp itching and falling hair. Just a few applications will prove a revelation if your hair is fading, gray or dry, scraggly and thin. Mixing the Sage Tea and Sulphur recipe at home, though, is troublesome. An easier way is to get the ready-to-use tonic, costing about 50 cents a large bottle at drug stores, known as "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Compound," thus avoiding a lot of fuss.

While wispy, gray, faded hair is not sinful, we all desire to retain our youthful appearance and attractiveness. By darkening your hair with Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur, no one can tell, because it does it so naturally, so evenly. You just dampen a sponge or soft brush with it and draw this through your hair, taking one small strand at a time; by morning all gray hairs have disappeared, and, after another application or two, your hair becomes beautifully dark, glossy, soft and luxuriant.